MISTAKEN WOMEN WHO FAIL TO KEEP UP ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

A Chicago Woman with the Courage of Her Convictions-A Club for Rest -Danger of Anti-Fat.

Looked at from one point of view, says writer in the Chicago Post, the money spent on accomplishments for young womseem sometimes sadly wasted, ter how well she has stood in her classes, or how many honors she has carried off, when Miss Smith becomes Mrs. Jones she lays aside her books as antiquated lumber, unsuited to her new parlor, and speedily forgets what they contain. And the muteness of "the harp that hangs on Tara's walls" is a mere circumstance to the silence that falls on the plano Uncle Phil gave her for a wedding present. She is soon "out of practice" as a matter of course, and she begs her callers not to ask her to sing and play for them, as they must know how impossible it is to keep up in such things with all she has to do.

As she glibly runs over the list of her duties one wonders how one small frame can sustain so many burdens. For there are her debts to society, which must be paid through the heavens fall. Then she dabbles a little in charity, adorns several clubs and belongs to an organization for the diffusion of art and morals among the common people. And, O dear, yes, there are a house, and a husband that need daily supervision. Has she not more than enough to do? Her callers, young wives like herself, echo her sentiments with delightful unanimity, and it is settled for all time that a married woman ought not to be expected to keep up the accomplishments she spent so many years, and her father so much

But as she cannot be dancing, or going to clubs, or making calls all the time, she various devices for the adornment of her nice, womanly touches in the form of hand-painted screens, beautifully worked blue cats on green grounds, or vice versa, and neatly framed "yards" of pansies more real than life itself. Not that the desire to do these things is not praiseworthy, but when they stop at ugliness and are content to remain there they are reprehensible. Time was when the tidy habit was a craze but, thank heaven, that has passed. Love has been known to become deathly sick on a continuous diet of tidies, but the advent of the Oriental pillow, it is to be hoped, will contribute to its convalescence. The pillow, though it may not always be "a thing of beauty," is a "joy forever" when it softens and refines the hard lineaments of the ordinary lounge, and time spent in mak-

ing it is not altogether lost. Dress, soceity and pleasure in material things are good in their places if used with moderation, but that women, as soon as they are married, so often drop their studies and immerse themselves in them explains and justifies the use of that stubborn little "if." Just the other day Mrs. Jones was lamenting her inability to assist her two children along the thorny paths of knowledge, "just to think," she moaned, "I can't give Phenny anything beyond her first lessons on the piano. She thinks my way of playing old fashioned, and I know, too, that I stumble awfully over the keys. I shall have to hire that upstart of a Miss Bangly to carry her through, and when I graduated I took first prize in music out o a class of forty girls. I can't imagine how I

Dear women, beyond all these vain shows I know how true your hearts are, how keen your intelligence, how lofty your aspira-Let us make a great resolve. Let us return to the simplicity of the Greeks in life and thought; let us put the material into its proper place as "a stepping stone to higher things." Let us take note of the trees, how they dress themselves, wearing the garment that best becomes them season after season, as long as they live, and never gadding about, but staying right at home and attending strictly to business. Day and light the sweet influences of heaven rain down upon them, and hourly do they draw from mother earth the wine of choicest sustenance. The winds woo them, the birds of the air confide in them and all the world recognizes the blessing of the trees, for they are not mere accretions of senseless matter, but living, breathing entities, and they can speak, too. Have we not all heard of the talking oak on that mountain side, "where cold Dodona waves her holy frees?" Let us emulate the trees; keep what we have gained and gather more.

Warning to Fat Women,

Just about a year ago all the women in Philadelphia and as many out of it who had heard and could afford it, who thought ·they were more generously endowed with flesh than nature had intended, were taking a cure that had arisen like a sun of salvation over the despond of obesity. Visions of sylph-like forms and a corresponding shrinkage in dressmakers' bills, made semistarvation and copious draughts of Kissengen seem a condition of bliss. The matutinal eggs and cafe au lait were abandoned for pellets of thyroid gland and hot vichy, and while the juicy beef and mutton circulated among the rest of the family the one under reduction was compelled to be content with a dinner of herbs in very fact, and what peace she could derive from a dessert of acid fruits, more thyroid and a cup of the The result was specific and evidences of it are seen in many places. Two victims were lunching in a restaurant yesterday, and from the luncheon they ordered one could easily judge that they were no longer under "treatment." But the work had been done. One, a year ago, was generally considered one of the handsomest women in town. Her face was rosy and good colored, her checks full and her eyes bright. If her embonpoint was a little decided she was tall enough to carry it all with great success. But she got the idea that she was growing "too stout," and she went under treatment, with the result that in robbing the rosy cheeks of the fullness that supported them she produced two hanging jowls of flaccid skin, full of wrinkles as the idermis of an octogenarian. Her figure as lost its breadth, but instead of the girlsh lineaments anticipated there remains the form of an old woman. From the conversation of the two, however, the result was highly satisfactory. "Yes, my dear, my waist is only twenty-four and my dressmaker says my figure is perfect. Of course I am paler than I used to be, but I can easily remedy that, and a little pepsin now and then corrects the sort of chronic indigestion that nasty thyrold has left me with. But that's all," she added, as an after-

Miss Addams's Innovation. Woman's Home Companion.

Well-known Miss Jane Addams, club woman and social settlement worker in Chicago, did the "whitest" thing of her life when she recently entertained thirteen colored club women at luncheon. These honcountry to the national convention of col-

ored women in that city. These colored club women, it is interesting to note, were a revelation to the white lub women. There were not simply a halfhandful of clever women of the dusky skin. as even the most sanguine imagined, but several hundred educated and refined wom-en-Mrs. Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, Ala., and Mrs. Mary Church Terrill. Washington, are representative typeswho are intelligently alert on all the im portant questions which this down-trodden race has to solve. These colored club women, in short, would compare quite favorably in mental grasp, refinement of manner and good taste in apparel with a similar con-

As out-and-out social recognition of the dark-skinned woman is rare this one decided act of Miss Addams, who respects character and culture irrespective of color, s a little "social departure" worthy at east of our admiration.

Fashion's Fancies.

One of the distinguishing features of the season's fashions is the triumph of satinfaced cloths in the pastel colors. They are not really new, for they have been a favor-He of fashion for some time, but in fineness of texture, glossy sheen, dainty soft color ing and not-to-be-forgotten price they are vastly superior to anything ever shown be-In pale blue, pink and a peachy ting of the lovely tints of gray, tan and cas-

Cloths in the light colors are decidedly the fashion. Very dressy costumes are made of them, and there is no elaboration

FOR FEMININE READERS and or extravagant for their decoration. On the other hand, they are made very simply, with innumerable rows of stitching for the finish. For those who cannot afford the entire gown a skirt in castor color, pale tan or gray, will prove to be a very desirable addition to the winter outfit. With the pretty light silk and lace waists so much worn it makes a charming costume for the theater, evening wear at home and small parties which do not require full evening It is infinitely prettier than the black silk skirt with the delicate waists, and altogether more satisfactory, since it is the latest fashion. A simple model is the best choice for this purpose, or rows of stitching on the skirt itself, or rows of sitched bands of the same cloth, should be the trimming. Undulating bands of panne velvet of the same shade are sometimes used, but they are more effective for an entire costume than for a separate skirt. The woman who loves daintiness in dress above every other feature of that absorbing subject can gratify her taste without rash extravagance if she invests in one of these light skirts and two dainty waists, one of tucked white taffeta, with a deep collar of lace forming a short bolero in front and another of pink or blue, with possibly a lace

An Ideal Club.

vest and narrow transparent lace revers.

New York Evening Sun. In contrasting the woman's club with the man's it is easy enough to find the points of difference, but not altogether so easy to find those of similarity. They exist for such opposing reasons, evidently. While the man is looking for recreation in clubdom the woman looks for recreation anywhere and everywhere else. It would savor of heresy to mention the word relief in the same breath with a woman's club that should devote its attention to no serious work; nevertheless that is the club for which one

euchre club doesn't enter into the question. Even if it did, its members are hard enough clubs that exist for enjoyment alone. The best idea of a club without a mission would be one of limited membership of congenial souls hampered by no rigid rules. Once in a while one hears of a man's club that seems ideal. Imagine a club with about twenty members, meeting once a week, with no fixed topics for discussion, with no papers to be read, relying solely upon the inspiration of the hour and upon the curious little items of information that every man would bring in. It would seem as if such a club would inevitably broaden one's mind and give it rest at the same time. To be sure, the serious women cannot be spared. ly being, would be a novelty. That might sound like a low aim to the enthusiast.

Odds and Ends.

Chiffon and mousseline de soie are permissible in "second" mourning and also dull-surfaced black crepe de chine. Flannel waists, with colored figures, are pretty, with ties of the flannel to match the figure. A red waist, for instance, has a green polka dot and a green tie of the same

An observer of dress in New York comments on what might be called the passing of the mackintosh for women. It has been driven out by the short skirt, now worn alike on rainy days, by the young girl and

the gray-haired matron. The best way to clean a feather boa is to get some coarse bran and about the same quantity of flour; put in the oven and make quite hot. Then get a large bag and put the boa in. After rubbing well take out and shake and it will be equal to new.

The most stylish white silk blouses are made perfectly plain, of corded silk, the cords at regular intervals, or in clusters of three running Bayadere fashion around the body and sleeves. Rich waists have the effect of cutwork in white silk over cloth of gold. More gorgeous affairs are made of white satin, upon which are showy patterns of flowers in colors in raised velvet.

One of the new and popular skirt models appropriate for cloth, silk, costume satin, or light wool, has the upper portion in long overskirt style, the lower part gracefully flared, the black laid in one very deep or two graduated box plaits. Sometimes there is one long overdress or shapely princesse skirt, which, when formed of clotn of rather heavy weave, is made up unlined and worn above a flounced silk petticoat, a glimpse of which is revealed by the slight lifting of the overdress at one side.

Very useful as well as ornamental, says a New York fashion writer, are the countless guimpe and yoke effects, with matching sleeves, on many of the fall and winter dresses. Never was there a better opportunity effectively and economically to freshen a bodice that is partly worn, taking out the old sleeves and cutting away the entire top of the waist, and, if necessary, a portion of the front, leaving this open to the waist, to show a pretty blouse effect formed by connecting a piece of the new brocade tucked silk, dotted or striped satin, which composes the guimpe and sleeves.

"Old things are becoming new," said woman of fashion, "and many little arts of dress esteemed fifty years ago are again in use. A sloping shoulder is once more a standard of beauty. To keep the sleeve entirely flat, and yet not have it too severe, a band of three tucks is made at the top to fit around the armhole. Naturally, with the plain, sloping shoulder, there is a revival of fichus and scarfs. These are made of fine organdie or batiste, and many are beautifully embroidered. For elderly women the soft surah silk ties with rich, brocaded ends, so fashionable long ago, are in favor.

The Old Coverlet. [Written for the Daughters of American Revolution at Framington, Mass., by Mrs. Clara Augusta Trask.]

The old loom stood in the attic In the southeast corner, where The sunshine fell through the peach-tree leaves And ripened the fruitage rare. The attic from whose brown rafters The traces of seed-corn hung, And bunches of hyssop, and thyme, and sage

In that dusty and slumberous attic, When the summer days grew long, The busy wheel of the spinner Was singing its tireless song, As back and forth to its music, In the days of long ago, The fair young girl of the farm-house Was spinning the "rolls" of snow.

A song of love to his mate, Just as the robin sings to-day In the elm by the garden gate; The wind was west, and the clouds sailed on Across the blue highway. And hearts were beating with love and hope, Just as hearts beat to-day.

When the yarn was spun the wondrous web Was put in the dusty loom-A coverlet for the fair young bride To spread in her best spare room. Grandma designed the pattern-They called it "The Desert Flowers;" And it took on beauty, and shape, and hue, In the long, slow summer hours.

In her quaint blue gown, and kerchief white As the snowy apple bloom, The sweet-faced woman sat behind The lathe of the clattering loom; And the shuttle flew on its busy round And the stuff on the cloth-beam grew, And the busy quiller took the quills

And wound them all anew. Oh, faithful weaver, thy loom is still, And the dust and darkness lie On its skeleton frame, as I make my way Up the stairs, so steep and high. I look in vain for the peach-tree shade, And the hum of the wheel is still, and the spiders weave their strange white webs

And snare their prey at will. For scores of years the sweet June days Their mellow course have run; For scores of years the changing moons Have brought the cloud and sun, The gold of autumn, the green of spring. And the wintry-winds that blow From the mountain land, where the storms ar

In their swaddling clothes of snow.

And now the coverlet, old and quaint, Before me folded lies; Its curious "Desert Flowers" stand out-Scarce dimmed their fadeless dyes; Strange that a thing like this should last When heart, and hand, and brain That wrought it out, for fivescore years, Within the dust have lain.

He Didn't Know the Lord's Prayer.

One of the older newspaper men told a

story the other day. "Browning was one of the best reporters to get out of work that ever broke into the business," he said. "The city editor sent him down to report Henry Ward Beecher one time and he came in about 11 o'clock with his 'stuff' ready for the printer. He had taken no notes, but had made a running long-hand report. He told how the church looked. who were in the rostrum about the pulpit and how Mr. Beecher rose and lifted his hands and said very solemnly 'After this manner, therefore, pray ye. Then Browning added, in parenthesis, 'Turn rule for Lord's prayer.' He meant to copy that verbatim from the office Bible when he got to his desk, but forgot it, and the parenthesis was only to guide the printer. So the paper came out in the morning with a good word picture of Brooklyn's famous preacher and his impressive manner of saying, 'After this manner, therefore, pray ye. Turn rule for Lord's prayer." them, and there is no elaboration Which really wasn't what the eloquent ming which is considered too ele-

THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

LEARNING TO LOVE: THE ESSENTIAL OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

By Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D. D., Pastor Church of the Covenant, Pres-

byterian, Washington, D. C.

"Giving all diligence, add . . . to brotherly kindness, love."-Peter, i, 5-7. Learn to love! Why learn? Isn't loving natural? However few things there may be that we need not learn, this surely is one of them. How many of us have ever made a study of the matter, or even once felt that there is any occasion to study it?

If one wants to be an expert in art or literature in any of their innumerable forms, he studies them with unwearying patience. Every form of science is as rationally treated. The most that any one claims is that he has a natural aptitude for music, painting, botany, astronomy; that he can learn some one thing more easily or practice it more facilely than any other thing. All mental processes certainly must be

processes. No physical act probably is more instinctive than breathing; yet physicians tell us that not more than one man in twenty breathes properly. Few use habitually more than half their lung workers to debar it from the category of area; a large portion of the apparatus that nature has provided becomes practically atrophied through disuse. Hence many weaknesses and even mortal diseases. The first thing that professional singers and speakers need to be taught is how to breathe. The infant must walk; then a little later must learn to sit still and to stand still, and then for years must have life made a burden by his parents' assiduous efforts to have One who knows anything about the work him sit and stand straight. Hands and hands, and these she fills in, according to the law of her environment, by concocting to the law of her environment, by concocting cease. But a woman's club that shouldn't of life one can find no convenient place whom he hath seen how can be love God. for them, and the larger the room one happens to be in the greater his perplexity. In short, the body must be patiently and carefully trained to do the work for which nature intended and marvelously adapted it. LOVE MUST BE STUDIED.

> Yet, we regard loving as a purely natural, spontaneous, instinctive thing, which takes care of itself, as the dodging, the raising of the hand, the closing of the eye, to avert danger. This is largely due, no doubt, to our entirely inadequate conception of love. The word always firs: suggests to us affection between men and women, with actual or possible marriage. This is certainly a very important phase of love, on which rests the family, at once But scarcely any fact of daily observation is more striking than the unworthy and even trivial treatment of this love. What else is the subject of so many idle jests? How much of the conversation about it between young men, and between young women, is devoid of any sense of the solemnity of the matter, and of the far-reaching results involved? How small a part the intellect and the will play in it, and how large a part the emotions! How often is the love that leads to marriage, that founds a new family, that involves lasting happiness or misery for a large and widening circle of men and women and children, treated with less serious thought and care than the gown to be worn on the wedding

And why? Not at all because the young people are trivial at heart, or insensible of their own and others' future. Not at all beause they do not earnestly desire to do right. Only because they believe love to be a matter that will take care of itself, in-stead of a fine art to be patiently studied. But just this it eminently is. No other art requires such assiduous attention, such watchfulness of detail, such delicate touch. No other can be so little intrusted to chance, to nature, to circumstances. Far hetter might the painter leave his colors to mix themselves, or the author his verbs to find their subjects, or the architect the stones and timbers of a church to seek their places, than husband and wife their mutual love to take its own course, and wax or wane as it may. Its course, at the best, will not run altogether smoothly. There are certain to be disappointments. Mutual faults and foibles are sure to be discovered. Uncongenial tastes may be counted upon to develop. Forbearance on each side will be indispensable. But love must survive all this, or happiness will quickly perish. Can love, then, be left to itself, to chance? Must not one study the art of loving? Must not the husband learn to love his wife, and keep learning all the years that they live together? And the wife, n like manner, learn to love her husband? Just because this is not done-is not even hought of, but all is supposed to have been finished in the gay days of courtship-do so many households hide lifelong unhappiness.

PARENTAL LOVE. And parental love, too, must be learned. There is a sickening amount of cant talked on this subject. Men speak and write as though all parents, and specially all mothers, were paragons of tenderness, fidelity and self-abnegation; as though parental relation were something to carry with it the whole fine art of raising children wisely, patiently and lovingly. But one must learn Also it should be fitted with wall cases for good gardener or lawyer-that is, he must learn to love his children and deal with them in love. One must learn to be a good mother as she learns to be a good housekeeper or hostess. She must learn to love her children enough not to nag at them, not to wound their self-respect; not to inflict upon them her changing moods, but to be uniformly just and tender. "Why am I naughty when I'm cross, and when mother's cross she's only nervous?" asked one little boy. None of this comes by nature to either parent. Nature lays the foundation for it in instinctive affection, as for artistic excellence of any sort in native aptitude but the art itself must be patiently learned. Now, if this is the fact where nature does most for love, what must it be when nature does least? Where there is no tie of blood; Where untraversed distances separate many, or unknown languages, or strange customs, governments and laws? And especially where finite man is to love the infinite and invisible God? tal and physical processes, and with natural

We have seen how it is with the men-But when we pass upward to which allies us to God, which only is divine, we strangely seem to think that the time and place for learning its use have been left behind. We recognize that religion is located here, but we expect religion to be spontaneous; we somehow imagine that the initial experience carries with it complete facility in the whole compli cated art of living Christianity-as though signing articles of apprenticeship made one a machinist, or matriculating at college made one a scholar! Yet Jesus spoke of men becoming His "disciples," his pupils, "learners" from him how to be children of God. And He spent His public life in teaching just this in a very small school. His contact with others was transient and incidental; his main business was to teach a

handful of men to live as He lived. Now He says that the principal thing that He aimed to teach them was how one inclusive and sufficient commandmentthat you love one another." His disciples understood Him to give this emphasis, and they give it in all their writings. It was not in word only that the Lord so taught.

but also in illustrative example. Be not censorious: "judge not that ye be not judged;" the woman that anoints me with costly ointment is not wasteful, but reverent and loving. Be not revengeful; put up thy sword, Peter; thou art mistaking thine own passion for loyalty to me. Be not sus-nicious; would reven a same picious; would you destroy a whole Samaritan village, John and James, because its chief men are unable to lay aside inherited prejudices and welcome a Jew? You do not yet know what temper becomes you as my Disciples. After many such experiences, after three years' daily fellowship with the most gentle, charitable and affectionate of men, what wonder that the writings of Peter and James and John and Paul are so

Such love Jesus declares to be the very heart of religion, the one supreme, inclusive thing that he requires of his followers. How can we expect to have it without learning it? Those who learned it directly from Him certainly had no such expectation, and they have given us abundant directions for learning to love both man

of those directions is the gist of all learning of every sort, namely, one is to go from the easier thing to the harder, from the known to the unknown. This is beautifully clear in the text. St. Peter is speaking of our becoming partakers of the divine nature. It is, indeed, a gift of God, but not apart from our own care and effort. We are to use "all diligence," and, in the exercise of each grace, to gain others. The entire passage is a climax, ending with the most important and comprehensive thing of all, love. This is love in its broadest sense, not limited by kinship, or neighborhood, or mutual interests, or congenialities of any sort; superior to differences of race color, language, custom, religion. It is idle to say that such love is natural to us or easy to acquire. It must be learned. And so must most, if not all, physical | And we must go to it from something easier than itself. Hence St. Peter tells us how to learn it. He assumes that we will find brotherly love easy, and so says we are to go on from this to the more difficult love

of all mankind. Let nothing now, I beg of you, obscure to your mind the one point of all this, namely, the universal love is to be learned. It is not natural, instinctive, spontaneous. all, as a free gift, calling only for acceptance on our part. It is an art; the highest art of Christian living, based on a true science of human life. It must be studied as one goes from lower mathematics to higher, from the alphabet and grammar of a language to its best literature. In the practice of "brotherly kindness." the brethren," we are gradually to learn

THE SUPREME TEST. But what of love to God? Well, this is similarly provided for. "If a man say, I whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" This is simply applying to religion the familiar fact that visibility aids love, other things being equal. Both God and the brother are assumed to be lovable. For one to say he is doing the harder thing when he is not doing the easier proves him, not an intentional deceiver or aypocrite, but a self-deluded man.

To love the invisible God requires the exercise of the artistic imagination, while loving the brother beside us is realism in art. In him we see the lovable qualities, and are drawn by them. In God we know only by testimony that they exist. We may be as certain in the latter case as in the former; faith or confidence may be as complete. But love fastens itself far less readily upon the invisible. We believe that the Rhine and the Danube are exquisitely beautiful; we have taken keen delight in reading vivid descriptions and looking upon fine pictures of their glories; but we love better our more prosaic Potomac and Hudson that we have seen. We could learn to love the others very readily; our love for these would vastly aid us; but to rave over the unseen rivers of Europe, while we are indifferent to the familiar rivers of our native land, is to write ourselves down not only insincere, but incapable of any genuine love of nature whatever. So, says St. John, of the man who talks of his love to God while indifferent to his human brother. At best he is self-deluded.

He thinks he is doing what, in the nature of the case, is impossible. In exactly this spirit St. James says that "pure and undefiled religion before God Our Father" is tenderness toward "the fatherless and the widow;" sympathy-that is, the practical exemplification of love-toward our fellowmen in distress. Not only are we to prove our love for God by ministry to men; but we are to minister to men, in order that thereby we may learn to love God. Learn to love. Are you convinced, dear friends, that this is a verity of the Christian life; one of its indispensable duties? Are you ready to stop waiting for love to fall upon you, like a sudden shower out of a summer sky, and to begin intelligently, sedulously, patiently, to learn it? Are you willing to adopt the scriptural, rational method. and go from the easier to the harder; from the known to the unknown? Learn to love husband and wife. Learn to love parents and children. Learn to love friends and neighbors. Learn to love man as man. Learn, at length, the highest, the greatest, sweetest lesson of which man is capable-learn to love God.

REFORM IN SCHOOL GRADING. Plan Which Many Thoughtful Educators Approve.

W. F. Edwards, in Gunton's Magazine for October. We need to change from a method of distribution of the work wherein a teacher has charge of all the pupils of one or more grades and at the same time teaches all the subjects studied in those grades to a method wherein the teacher in charge of the pupils does no class teaching and the class teacher teaches the same subject or subjects for all the grades has nothing to do with session room work. This would require some remodeling of school buildings and some revision of the ideas of discipline and of the duties of teachers in charge of

The first requirement is a large session room, with suitable seats for, say, 100 chil-dren. It should have sufficient water closets and washrooms connected with it. requirement is a sufficient number of classrooms for twenty pupils, each suitably connected with the session room and fitted with the proper seats, tables and other equip-ment necessary for the kind of work to be done under the direction of the teacher of

The session-room teacher should be the broadest and ablest to be found, for she more than any other will be an example and moral aid to the pupils. The classroom teachers should report to the sessionroom teacher pupils requiring special attention, and as well as may be what spe-cial attention should be. By this u ethod pupils will be with the same teachers for several years, and will thus be relieved from much of that sort of repetition of work that so frequently occurs in passing up the grades in the ordinary way and which does much to develop indifference and laziness in many children.

Knew Where He Was.

Harper's Bazar. It was little Frank's fourth birthday, He was duly impressed with the importance of In talking it over with his the event. "Mamma," he said, earnestly "where was I before I was acquainted with you?" As his mother was silent a moment, trying to put into words that he could understand the thought that "trailing clouds of glory do we come," the little fellow cried: 'Oh, I know where I was! I was boarding up in heaven.'

Evensong.

The embers of the day are red Beyond the murky hill The kitchen smokes, the bed In the darkling house is spread; The great sky darkens overhead And the great woods are shrill, So far have I been led.

So far I have followed, Lord, and wondered The breeze from the embalmed land Blows sudden toward the shore,

And claps my cottage door: hear the signal, Lord, I understand, The night at Thy command Comes; I will eat and sleep and will not ques

-Robert Louis Stevenson.

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Nottingham Lace Curtains, full size, taped edge, sale price per pair..... Fine Nottingham Curtains, extra size, overlocked and taped edges, white and ecru, three specials, per pair \$1.50, \$1.25 and..... Imported Curtain Swisses, stripes, dots and fleur de lis figures, 25c to 39c values, the sale price a yard

Thirty-six-inch Swisses, stripes and figures, choice of our 10c to 15c grades, at, a yard...... Extra Heavy-weight Cretonnes, in newest fall designs and colors, 15c values at..... Tapestry Cushion Tops, regular 19c and 25c kinds A new arrival of Lace Bed Sets, on sale Monday at prices from \$1.38 to \$4.50. Lace Pillow

Shams, a pair 35c to 65c. 30x60 Heavy Smyrna Rugs, with fringe, new bright colors, special Seven-foot Window Shades, seconds of a manufacturers' 35c quality, in tan colors only, with fixtures complete.....

Brass Extension Rods, extends from 24 to 44 inches, sale price, Monday White Shaker Flannel, 5c kind, a yard 31/2c Five Cases of new Domet Flannels, in light and dark colors, two very special values at 8c and One Case of Extra-Heavy Weight regular 10c un-71/20 bleached Canton Flannels, Monday only, at a yard .. 71/20 All Wool Eiderdowns, all colors, a yard..... Fleece-lined Wrapper Goods, new colorings, regular 8c values, for Monday Yard-wide Cambric Muslin, fine 9c grade, 16 yards for \$1.00, per yard..... White Bedspreads, hemmed, in neat patterns, only .. 49c Fine quality, full size hemmed Spreads, Marseilles patterns, two specials at \$1.00 and 75c Table Damask, at, a yard

combined; exact size, 22 inches long and 13 inches high, has mir- BASTING THREAD, large ror door 10x13 inches, every piece of glass perfect. This chest is RUBBER DRESS SHIELDS, a made of heavy oak, highly polished, has three shelves, real value \$1.25. Special

price for three days ... Oil Heaters. The Brooklyn, best on earth. No smoke or odor, every one guaranteed, worth \$5.00. Special for 3 days

Medicine Chest and Cabinet Wool Soutache Braid, in black, 1c Suitings, 36 inches wide, extra white and colors, two yards for pair KLEINERT'S FEATHER-WEIGHT SHIELDS, a pair12c KLEINERT'S BEST SILK

VELVET BINDING, all colors, a 13c bolt CABLE CORD-EDGE VELVET BIND-MELBA STAYS, satin covered. MELBA STAYS, satin covered, 10c THREE SQUARES WEST OF ILLINOIS ST.

Home Needs Notion Sale Bargain Counter 25c all-wool mixed novelty heavy and good colors, at, a yard

360 to 370 West Washington St.

The Prince Albert 10c Cigar



YOU WANT a clear head in the morning you should avoid the wrong kind of cigars just as carefully as you avoid overindulgence in intoxicants. Many men wonder why they have that queer feeling in the morning, and ascribe no importance to the fact that they smoked a case full of heavy, strong imported cigars the night before. No man can expect to smoke such cigars and have a clear head, a good digestion, and steady nerves. Any physician will tell you that . .

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will give you just as much enjoyment and satisfaction as any imported cigar you ever smoked, but it is so mild and pure that you

will never suffer any discomfort or injurious after effects whatever. Many well-known physicians of high reputation recommend the PRINCE ALBERT to their patients as a perfect cigar, which may be smoked freely without the slightest danger.

For smokers of an educated taste, who demand the true Havana flavor and at the same time take a proper degree of care of their health, the PRINCE ALBERT is, indeed, an ideal cigar. We want you to know just how true this is. Give the Prince Albert a trial. If you cannot find them at your dealer's let us know. It will be the best tobacco investment you

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